

teacher. during lunch, however, the book will (again) belong to the space above the desk. (then) that will be the boy's wordlanguage. yours and the boy's, because you will have both made that (will have made both) that this time you made the boy. thank you for that. you are the string. there is another poem where i am the string and the boy is the teacher and you are the boy. in a (still) different poem i am the floor and the boy is both the book and the desk and you are the teacher. mostly, though, there is no floor, and plato is the mother, and we are all the boy.

### **Cumberland Island**

There is a man with a fish  
and there is also a planet

of houseflies. None of them  
live in houses, though

and after this moment  
neither will the fish, which

is the funny thing  
about a moment; how

it can just up and take  
a body's *house*. Tonight

the horses come to shore,  
and I plan to ride one.

### **MILES NEWBOLD CLARK**

#### **End**

Jovial potent holiday beast, unfurling  
Spire banner thunder swell,

Elephant foot, adder mouth, dog eye  
Minion, munition, malnutrition;

Command grand canyon tongue lash, cloaked  
Slaves: raise tempest, suburban star:

Free flash strobe coke bottle shot glass  
Suck down dizzy iron age drummer boy;

Whatever staggering after stadium  
Zeppelin tornado horns: rip cop riot shields,  
Burn, burn, burn.

Pregnant open cloud, wet foot descent,  
Ground trembles, torch wilts, hush, hush.

#### **Cartel**

Gentle sloping rural mountain rooster hutch;  
White smoke rake; beautiful bountiful horn.

Plentiful pied piped mice, disco shimmy, strobe sweat;  
Pimp dock Mafioso labor party; crate crowbar crack.

Warehouse blow happy candle cocktail out;  
Gush piñata eye candy; Gaucho dive depth charge.

Offshore sudden equilibrium question;  
Sexually discounted phone; jungle drum.

Past due run quick boom ha ha ha.

# **POETRY FLYER**

**ALWAYS FREE, ALWAYS TITILLATING THE PUBLIC EAR**

### **WILL SCHUTT**

#### **The Frogmen on Lipari**

Blue-black water blankets the shoal  
where a pod of men at the cutwater  
visible by dawn, invisible after,  
have gathered. The pikes and poles

of the pier are dark as sepia  
fried in the pan. The fringe is violet.  
I cup an ear to the shell's shape  
and see a porpoise crossing.

Because it hurts to see  
a man point to the cold beauty  
of the cold white water creatures,  
the eye warms the naked body.

The night watchman reads the hour  
in the rain. Morning nears;  
the shapes of frogmen come to life  
standing at the pier, heaving

their helmets up  
onto their wiry bodies. That they  
have met here, again, like men  
of the same small earthy cutaway

are met in post-dinner talk  
about the ferryboats that drop in  
and pull away, continuing the arc  
and tugging at the line!

My eye splits before the prism;  
the vision doubles and darkens.  
Into the surf, one after one,

go the cold dark water creatures.

#### **Under the Shansi Memorial Arch in Oberlin**

When I rose, bare-assed,  
into that blue morning  
light, after making love,  
to take a piss  
leaving the bathroom  
door open, and winter  
through the window draped  
box lights and bike spokes, and  
the armature of East College  
wore silver in her hair,  
that baby's bottom talc,  
I saw it was time already  
I made my departure.  
The fly bit; I was new born.

Sophomore year I envied  
Ben Mason, who could  
hit the bowl  
while performing a handstand,  
that trick  
of the body above  
the mind, daring the form,  
blood in the face  
and water in the eyes.  
All night I'd stand beneath  
the Memorial Arch  
like at a station of the cross  
and watch the sky turn Ohio  
over. The student spirit  
was at pains to choose  
whether to walk under  
or around the seminude Indiana  
limestone spears,

# **COGITATE US**

**AT WWW.NO-RECORD.COM**

a last symbol  
of its severance  
from a dyed-in-the-wool  
office. Thirteen columns  
stood for thirteen boys  
pitched from a Chinese tower top  
who landed splay-legged  
on history's slab.  
Better they threaded  
spool by  
a man-dug hole  
and angled  
for wide-mouth bass,  
like children  
spit into the wind.

As a boy I  
held my head up to the sun  
and stared into its sphere  
to watch it double.  
I ruined my own retina –  
“Oh, Mother.”  
The earth thinned like  
paper under water.

I was too serious and sentimental  
for my peer, swinging  
and tossing in mid-air.  
After watering the weeds,  
Ben Mason fell asleep in Tappan  
Square. Even in his dreams  
he scrutinized his alma mater,  
*Learning & Labor*.  
In the end, he would go East  
to teach Dutch courage  
and double consonants.  
Not knowing  
how to heal  
the ravaged country  
with a word,  
he'd skip out  
in a year.

## DAVID FEINSTEIN

### It Always Happens This Way

Can't get no  
respeck.

What else do you want?

we asked him.

Respeck, mostly. And how funny,

as we had in mind

sleek cars, computers, other things

of high intricacy, obtuseness of use.

We planned a denunciation.

We only denounced ourselves.

### Around Morning

Something confounds me as I sit  
aware that I have left  
and know nothing.

Red taillights in parallel,  
the roar of a train  
and hard light slinking  
around corners, into corners  
garbage pails and cellar entrances—  
corrugated steel grating  
on a car bumper at the beach.

I was packing my bag.

get a taxi, the red lights  
move away, the air is dry  
but I feel there should be  
rain.

I can't die now.

There's no music.

### Season's Decay

My friend, our portrait in trees:  
the fell yellow known, a yellow hail  
hale fellow of leaves. The other  
brown, hard lens and light,  
swimming vision of the fisherman:  
leather hat, raking a net into the  
plump-bottom boat.

Hard to wake at dawn.

A sound like fallen branches  
bound to lie beside each other,  
specific digits that lie prone.

I see, in an argyle landscape, a peapod—  
two peas left of six, the pod a weary mother  
desiccated

on the dry forest floor.

Don't lie too long, Mother.

Know the moment in which to reel and shift,  
a season's crumble,

a season's palindrome of color.

### Uses for a Book on a Desert Island

Read it, or whatever.

Tear out pages, crumple them  
loosely, burn them  
to boil water for tea.  
It's one book per pot,  
each sip is a chapter,  
and the whole thing is  
always more than you need.

If you have a plentiful supply  
they can, in stacks, become stools;  
can be stood on to reach coconuts.  
They can be flung at plundering monkeys  
or plundering lovers in shirts with  
plunging necklines.

They can be fondled endlessly  
as vestiges of the Remembered Land.  
They can also be hurled into the ocean  
for the same reason.

Books, books, books.  
No shelves on a desert island.  
A cave is too dank. Wood rots  
even on desert islands. It's the sea air.

It is usually best to burn them for warmth  
as soon as you wash ashore.

## MARTIN ROCK

**lesson one, day 33: “the book is on the desk”**  
stand up. bow. good morning everyone. please  
open your books. this is not (yet) a trick  
question. please try to understand. there is no  
unspoken judgment, no implied desire for change,  
no suggestion of ownership. in short this is not a  
statement that makes pac-man hungry, makes him  
forget his body. in long, a child in a classroom in  
the mountains of kyoto reads the book is on the  
desk. this makes it true. this also raises a river of  
questions about the nature of books, desks, and  
classrooms, not to mention a platonic fondness  
for chairs. (someday i will teach you how to  
sculpt a chair from plato, but now we are doing a  
poem.) the child does not understand. i do not  
understand, he says. there is only one book,  
which exists in the floor's above. he stands,  
absently toying with a loose bit of string. i lift the  
book from the floor, and put it (back) on the desk  
. while the boy places the book in his mind, the  
string in his hand is expanding. this makes the  
string more real (even then) our chairs (even  
now). none of us realize this. to us, the string is  
still (separate from) the book is on the desk..  
nothing is on the desk.. it is empty. the book is in  
the desk's above and even that is not on the desk  
. it is the desk's above. the book is on the desk is  
on the board (in white). the boy reads this  
because it is written. you read it because  
everything in your life has led you to this  
moment. you read it and this makes it true. thank  
you for making this true. the book is on the desk.  
in this version you are the boy's mother and i am  
the teacher. my book, my desk, my  
wordlanguage. it is written. it is the conversation  
between my hand and the chalk and the board.  
these things are mine. these things exist in my  
own above. in a matter of minutes this will all  
change. next period is history, and after that,  
math. in math there is no desk. rather, the desk  
and the book are there, but remain unnamed.  
then, during lunch the boy's language makes pac-  
man hungry and japanese becomes greater than.  
right now we are doing english and i am the